

"TIGER" LUNCHES WITH JOURNALISTS AS WORLD'S GUEST

Ralph Pulitzer Host to Clemenceau and Newspaper and Magazine Men.

RISES TO WORK AT 5.

Doctor Pronounces Him "Man of Fifty" After Physical Examination.

Georges Clemenceau, "The Tiger of France" and one of the most distinguished statesmen of his country, was the guest this afternoon at a luncheon given by the New York World at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Ralph Pulitzer, President of the Press Publishing Company, was host at the luncheon. Gathered about Clemenceau were many of the most prominent figures of the newspaper and magazine world.

Though Clemenceau had been up and doing since 5 o'clock this morning, he had written five letters to France, visited a physician and paid another visit before going to the luncheon, he appeared at the hotel as bright and vigorous as if he had idled away the entire forenoon. The capacity of Clemenceau for physical and mental exertion is proverbial in France. He is eighty-one years old, but his physician said this afternoon, he has the heartiness of a man of fifty.

When Clemenceau arrived at the Ritz, there was quite a gathering of persons in the hotel lobby. Among them was Mlle. Cecile Segel, noted French actress. As soon as Clemenceau was near enough to her she advanced and threw both arms about his neck and gave him a most affectionate kiss.

Clemenceau was taken a bit aback by the unexpectedness of this. "I didn't know you lived here," he exclaimed. "If I thought I'd get a reception like this I'd call on you every day."

With this slight interruption of his progress, Clemenceau was then escorted to an elevator and taken to the dining room reserved for luncheon. There had already gathered the newspaper and magazine representatives.

Melville E. Stone and Frederick Roy Martin represented the Associated Press; Adolph Ochs, Carr V. Van And, Rollo Ogden, Dr. John H. Finley and Louis Wiley, the Times; Frank A. Munsey, E. P. Mitchell, Edwin Wardman and Keats Speed, the New York Herald; the Sun and the Evening Telegram; Arthur Brisbane and Bradford Smith, the Evening Journal and the New York American; Ogden M. Reid and Julian S. Mason, the New York Tribune; E. F. Gay and Simon Strunsky, the Evening Post; Charles Irwin, the Call; H. J. Wright, the Globe; H. L. Stoddard, the Evening Mail; W. W. Hawkins, the United Press; and F. Guigo, the Courier des Etats-Unis.

W. E. Lewis, the Morning Telegraph; Loring Pickering, C. E. L. Wingate and Robert McLean, the North American Newspaper Alliance; Mr. Pulitzer, Frank L. Cobb, Herbert Bayard Swope, John O'Hara Conway, Walter Lippman, John F. Brennan, John H. Tennant and H. F. Pollard, The World and The Evening World; Norman Hapgood, Hearst's International; E. S. Martin, Harper's Magazine; John M. Siddall, American Magazine; Ray Long, Cosmopolitan Magazine; Glenn Frank, the Century; Oswald G. Villard, the Nation; Charles Dana Gibson, Life, and R. J. Cud-dihy, Literary Digest.

The inexhaustible energy of Georges Clemenceau, which got him out of bed this morning in time for a 6 o'clock breakfast at the home of Charles Dana Gibson, is a matter of astounding amazement to those in his entourage. The years that have frosted the hair of the venerable French statesman seem to have left his vigor quite untouched. Those in courteous attendance upon him during his visit to this city are in a fair way to be worn out before Clemenceau's breath even begins to quicken.

When Clemenceau's room was entered at 5 o'clock this morning by his valet, Albert, who once saved his master's life, he found "The Tiger" busy writing letters. Five were completed and started on their way to France before breakfast.

After a breakfast of onion soup,

"The Tiger of France" Pen-Portrayed on His New York Visit; Clemenceau's Wit, Courage and Fixity of Purpose Described



"Fourteen points! Too many—the good Lord has only ten."



"The Maharajah invited me to hunt the tiger, but it is the anarchists who hunted the Tiger."



"While clothes are so expensive I am not going to indulge in a new coat just because a fool shot a few holes in my old one."



"It will be harder to win peace than to win the war."



"It is the country that can endure the last quarter of an hour that wins."



"I am a doctor, but not lucky. I always missed my patients."

hard-boiled eggs and bread, the tireless Frenchman went to the Gibson library and sat himself to the task of preparing the speech he is to deliver at the Metropolitan Opera House tomorrow night.

Aiding him in this work by collecting data for the address are Col. E. M. House, Frank L. Polk and Col. Stephen Bonsal, who have volunteered their services. Melville E. Stone of the Associated Press also has provided Clemenceau with certain political information which he desired.

Already the American women seem to have made a marked impression upon the distinguished visitor. He spoke of them this morning, saying to Col. Bonsal:

"I've been thinking that American women are more beautiful than they were when I was here fifty years ago. At that time I didn't think there could ever be any improvement on their beauty."

Whitney Warren, the architect, was among the early morning visitors who called to pay respects to the former Premier.

Mr. Warren presented to Clemenceau a French flag, which was hung from an upper window of the Gibson home, draping over the hooded entrance to the house. The visit of Mr. Warren lasted about half an hour, and upon leaving the house he said that Clemenceau had spoken of his mission as "something to say to the American people." The architect added that he had spoken to the statesman as looking "very young," to which "The Tiger" replied, "Well, you're nothing but a cub," though Mr. Warren is about sixty years old.

Another visitor at the Gibson home was a newspaper man on the staff of La Presse, a Montreal publication, who came with an official invitation to Clemenceau to visit Canada as the guest of its newspapers. Clemenceau declined the invitation with much regret. "I have no time so mapped out," he explained, "that it will be absolutely impossible for me to go to Canada. I cannot go beyond the limits of my prearranged program, which is going to be hard for me to follow, though I have determined to follow it to the last detail."

Dr. Francois Le Clercq of Morris-town, N. J., an old friend of the former Premier, visited him this forenoon for a brief time. When the visitor inquired about Clemenceau's health it provoked an explosive reply from "The Tiger."

"Don't talk to me about health and medicine," he said. "If you do I'll shoot you!"

Two traffic patrolmen were detailed to the front of the Gibson home shortly before noon and these merely saw to it that the curious persons who passed aloft or in motor cars did not tarry too long. There was a police sergeant on duty in the house.

Accompanied by Dr. Le Clercq and Col. Bonsal, Clemenceau left the Gibson home a little after 11 o'clock and was driven to the office of Dr. Frederick M. Allen, diabetes specialist, No. 650 Park Avenue. Both Dr. Le Clercq, also a specialist in this disease, and Dr. Allen are warm personal friends and the purpose of the trip was to have Dr. Allen make a thorough physical examination of the "Tiger."

Although the former Premier has been suffering from diabetes for a number of years, the visit to the doctor's office, it was explained, had no special significance in regard to that ailment or to his present condition.

Members of the party said Dr. Allen examined his distinguished visitor thoroughly and declared his present condition was that of a man of fifty. While in Dr. Allen's office they took a sample of blood for future examination.

Shortly before "The Tiger" left to go to the physician's office he was visited by Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. A. M. Dyke, representing the American Committee for the Restoration of Devastated France. When the party left the house for the doctor's office, mistaking Miss Morgan's car for the Gibson automobile, the "Tiger" and his escort entered it, just as Miss Morgan came out of the house to look for her own conveyance.

The Frenchman soon discovered his mistake and told Bonsal he wanted to leave the automobile and give it to Miss Morgan. This attempt was defeated by her, she refusing to allow the tiger to leave his seat.

"But what are we going to do with the ladies?" Clemenceau asked.

"Oh never mind the ladies," replied Miss Morgan. "We'll take a taxi home."

"But if you take a taxi," said the tiger "I insist on paying for it."

Later this afternoon Clemenceau will attend a reception of the Franco-American Society.

The 16th Infantry will be reviewed by Clemenceau at 2:45 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in its army in Brooklyn. He will attend there a luncheon to which 450 prominent residents of the borough have been invited. School children to the number of about 300,000 will line the streets from Manhattan Bridge to the armory, according to the reception plans as now arranged.

Man With a Life Mission To Prove His Devotion to His Own Beloved France

Revealed as One With a Fighting Chin and a Tongue as Sharp and Skin-Penetrating as Any Rapier—Cautious, but Spares Nobody Who Stands in Way of His Critical Shafts—A True Patriot.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

EIGHTY-ONE YEARS old and looking sixty; a stocky, sturdy figure of moderate height, with an X-ray glance from under the heavy white penthouse of his brows; a flat Japanese nose; hardly any hair, but an extra-size white mustache; cheeks firm, but deep parietal creases cut from nose to lips and a criss-cross of small wrinkles around the eyes; in the broad forehead those quizzical longitudinal lines that are the handwriting often left by the years, during which the heavy brows below lifted in mordan irony and skepticism; the fighter's chin and jaw—that is Georges Clemenceau, Tiger of France, as New York sees him to-day for the first time in—we have his word for it—fifty-seven years.

He looks the brave, bitter, no-quarter-given-or-asked soldier that he is. There are not many of the softer qualities perceptible in that face, but there are courage, stubborn fixity of purpose, a keen intelligence, a wicked wit, a great strength of offense and defense. Somebody has described Georges Clemenceau as an old man who has no illusions, but who loves France. He comes to us as a friend, we welcome him as a friend—yet the keynote of his first utterance is militant and military defense of his country. Again he is "je fais la guerre"—in defense of France.

The stories told of Clemenceau are many, and the best of them illustrate his particularly Gallic sense of humor—a humor not marked by tender consideration for the feelings of others, or by reverence. Nevertheless, it is a delight to the sophisticated mind. Clemenceau's tongue often seems to have been touched with lunar caustic.

There is, for example, his swift comment on former President Wilson's "Fourteen Points," when these first were made public.

"Fourteen points!" barked Clemenceau. "That's too many. The good Lord has only ten."

He was still jeering at the famous Fourteen when he went to Egypt for his vacation, after the termination of the Peace Conference.

"I have fourteen different maladies," he told the correspondents, "but to his present condition."

Members of the party said Dr. Allen examined his distinguished visitor thoroughly and declared his present condition was that of a man of fifty. While in Dr. Allen's office they took a sample of blood for future examination.

Shortly before "The Tiger" left to go to the physician's office he was visited by Miss Anne Morgan and Mrs. A. M. Dyke, representing the American Committee for the Restoration of Devastated France. When the party left the house for the doctor's office, mistaking Miss Morgan's car for the Gibson automobile, the "Tiger" and his escort entered it, just as Miss Morgan came out of the house to look for her own conveyance.

The Frenchman soon discovered his mistake and told Bonsal he wanted to leave the automobile and give it to Miss Morgan. This attempt was defeated by her, she refusing to allow the tiger to leave his seat.

"But what are we going to do with the ladies?" Clemenceau asked.

"Oh never mind the ladies," replied Miss Morgan. "We'll take a taxi home."

"But if you take a taxi," said the tiger "I insist on paying for it."

Later this afternoon Clemenceau will attend a reception of the Franco-American Society.

The 16th Infantry will be reviewed by Clemenceau at 2:45 o'clock Wednesday afternoon in its army in Brooklyn. He will attend there a luncheon to which 450 prominent residents of the borough have been invited. School children to the number of about 300,000 will line the streets from Manhattan Bridge to the armory, according to the reception plans as now arranged.

Vive Clemenceau, Tiger of France!

FIRES ENDANGER 39 FAMILIES IN TENEMENT HOUSES

Police Looking for Incendiary in Two Suspicious Morning Blazes.

Two tenement fires early this morning, one at No. 170 West Houston Street, the other at No. 228 Bleecker Street, were so much alike and were started under such suspicious circumstances that the police are searching the neighborhood for an incendiary.

The first blaze was in the Houston Street tenement, a six-story building housing twenty-four families. A milkman passing at 3 o'clock in the morning saw smoke coming from the front door. He went in and found a pile of rubbish burning behind the stairs. If the discovery had been delayed a few minutes the flames probably would have swept up the stairway and escape would have been difficult.

The milkman called Patrolman Finn of the Charles Street Station, then turned in the alarm, while the policeman roused the occupants. The fire was quickly put out, however, and the damage was slight.

Two hours later Patrolman Crocker of the Charles Street Station discovered an almost exactly similar fire back of the stairs in the Bleecker Street tenement, a smaller building housing fifteen families. Here also prompt work prevented serious damage.

The Houston Street building is owned by Sarah Barnett, No. 528 West Ninth Street, the other tenement by John Di Martini.

COL REGINO GONZALES EXECUTED MEXICO CITY, Nov. 20 (Associated Press).—Col. Regino Gonzales, second in command to Juan Carrasco, who was recently killed in battle, was found guilty of rebellion by a court-martial at Alvarado, and executed last night. Gonzales was captured several days ago at Acapulco, Durango.

Didn't Know English, Pleaded "Guilty"; Spent 7 Years in Cell

Was Innocent, but Unaware How to Say So, Prisoner, Sent Back to Prison, Claims.

"So you took the plea of guilty because you didn't know the meaning of the word?" "Yes sir," Frank Cappello told County Judge Bleakley in White Plains to-day.

Frank said that in 1911 he had only a scant knowledge of English and this rather handicapped him when he was thrown into jail charged with attacking and shooting a young girl. Frank said all the prisoners around him in the county jail advised him to say "Guilty" when he was led before a man who sat upon a high bench.

"I say guilty," said Frank, "and Judge he say something and next I know I go to take a ride and back in another jail. There I stay till last year. Then I get picked up again and Judge he send me to another jail." This time Frank said he went to the penitentiary for one year for having a gun.

"I swear I no have gun," continued Frank, "and I go to jail. Nice place and after while I work outside. I get blue. I no see much of America—in jail almost since I land from old country, so go on little walk. I walk over two miles and then build fire. Men come from jail and I no run away I stand there like a man. I was going to walk back anyway."

"You were a good walker," remarked Judge Bleakley, "every time you have been sent away it was because you were innocent."

"I swear to God I no touch girl and no have gun," Frank sobbed. Frank was led back to the penitentiary where he will serve an additional six months for taking the "innocent walk" last Christmas.

Death Denied to Deformed Baby; Doctors Deaf to Father's Pleas

"May Be Genius," They Tell Parent of Legless and Armless Girl, "So We Can't Act."

CHICAGO, Nov. 20.—A father's plea that his two-day-old deformed baby girl be scientifically put to death was overruled by physicians to-day.

The child, normal mentally, has neither arms nor legs. The father, James C. Lebrasca, begged that she "be allowed not to live," according to surgeons.

The case of Baby Bollinger, scientifically allowed to die seven years ago after the late Dr. Harry Haiselden, attending physician, refused to perform an operation, was recalled.

Baby Lebrasca was born Saturday. Dr. Benjamin H. Breckstone, attending physician, after a consultation with life colleagues, Drs. Marshall and Brownstein, ruled against the father's appeal.

"The child's brain is normal—it may become a mental genius—we have no right to cause its death," he said. "The deciding point is whether the child, if permitted to live, will be a burden on the community."

"Society should be required to step in and care for such a baby, attend to its wants and educate it."

Hattie Dies in Elephant House As Little Girl Playmate Cries

Al Smith First of Thousands Inquiring to Learn Pet of Zoo Has Gone.

The death of Hattie, the much-petted Indian elephant of the Central Park Zoo, has brought unhappiness to thousands of persons who made assiduous inquiries as to her condition during the last days of her life. It became known to-day that Governor-elect Al Smith was among those who called at the Zoo yesterday to ask about her.

Though she died on Saturday afternoon, news of her death was not given to those who made the pilgrimage to the elephant house by thousands yesterday, until Al Smith came along. Then Head Keeper James Coyle whispered the sad tidings into Al's ear. It was not until this morning that the elephant's death was generally known.

Hattie died of azoturia, according to Dr. Harry Nimphus, the veterinarian who attended her during her illness, making two calls a day on her. The disease took the form of a paralysis of Hattie's hind legs and was due, Dr. Nimphus said, to too heavy eating and lack of exercise. Arrangements were made to-day for mounting the great body so that skin and skeleton might be given to the American Museum of Natural History. In its hall already are the mounted bodies and bony structures of Jumbo and Tip, both noted elephants in their day.

The last illness of Hattie began on Friday a week ago. She collapsed in the yard of the elephant house and for a week lay there, covered with canvas and hay and as comfortable as Coyle could make her. Last Friday it was determined to take her into the house so she might be made warmer. A derrick and chains were necessary to get her up and carry her in.

All during her illness, her next-door neighbor, Jewel, was convinced that something was wrong and at intervals throughout the day thrust a trunk into Hattie's cage in an effort to find her. She kept the trunk there most of Friday and Saturday last. Now, Coyle says, Jewel knows that Hattie has gone and is wretchedly downcast about it.

Coyle said to-day that at least 25,000 persons asked yesterday about Hattie and a large number who did not visit the Zoo made inquiries by telephone.

One of those with Hattie when she died was Frances Rogers, No. 12 West 100th Street, a thirteen-year-old girl, who is known as the god-mother of the Zoo. She spends part of every day at the Zoo and was one of Hattie's closest friends. She was with Hattie for two hours before the elephant died. Then she cried and went home.

N. Y. U. STUDENTS ROBBED AS THEY SLEEP; THIEF CAUGHT, FORAYS ENDED

Police Believe Arrest of Negro Will Stop Highbridge Section Burglaries—Hall Heavy.

Several recent burglaries in the Highbridge section of the Bronx are believed to have been cleared up by the arrest at 3 o'clock this morning of Jack Butler, twenty, a Negro, of No. 479 Lenox Avenue, at Burnside and Harrison Avenues, the Bronx, while he was carrying a suitcase in one hand and an overcoat in the other. In his pockets were found a quantity of jewelry and \$139 in money.

As the result of a burglary last night, a dozen students of New York University were in Morrisania Court this morning identifying property which had been stolen from them while they slept. The clothing and the jewelry found in Butler's possession belonged to them and the \$139 comprised the fund of the soccer team.

Butler gave a convincing demonstration of outraged dignity when arrested by Policemen Wells, of the Highbridge Station, but in court, charged front. Magistrate McGuire held him in \$5,000 bail on a short affidavit charging burglary and then \$5,000 more on an additional charge of burglary.

CAR ON BROOKLYN BRIDGE OFF TRACK; ONE MAN IS DYING

Half of Twenty Passengers Are Women, Most of Whom Faint.

TRAFFIC IS BLOCKED.

Cries of Injured and Screams of Panic-Stricken Draw Huge Crowd.

One man is dying, several women were treated for shock, a panic was narrowly averted and trolley service to Manhattan over Brooklyn Bridge was tied up for about forty minutes shortly after 9 o'clock this morning when a Graham Avenue trolley car leaped the tracks on the incline about 100 feet from the Brooklyn approach to the bridge and crashed into the iron work.

Rescuers had to be called from the Poplar Street Station to take care of the crowds resulting from the accident. Block tickets were issued and thousands of Brooklynites were transferred to the elevated lines to complete their trip to Manhattan.

The rear trucks of the car jumped the tracks at a switch and the resultant crash broke nearly every window in the car and pinioned Herman Jacobs, thirty, of No. 3615 15th Avenue, Brooklyn, between the gate and the rear of the car on the rear platform. Policeman McKeever of Bridge Precinct No. 3, hearing the crash and the cries of women, rushed to the scene and extricated Jacobs, after which he summoned an ambulance from Cumberland Street Hospital.

There were twenty passengers on the car, about half of them women, and several of the latter fainted. Some few were scratched by flying glass. Jacobs was found to have sustained concussion of the brain and internal injuries. It was said he will die.

WOMAN BURGLAR GETS 10-YEAR TERM; FLAYED BY COURT

"You Richly Deserve Heaviest Penalty," Judge Tells Mrs. Katherine Flynn.

In a severe lecture when he sentenced Mrs. Katherine Flynn, forty-two years old, of No. 125 West 85th Street, Manhattan, to Auburn Prison for ten years on a grand larceny charge, County Judge J. Gratton McMahon in Brooklyn told her that "it was a merciful Providence that did not allow her to have children."

"Although you are a woman," said the Judge, "you have shown yourself a cool, hardened, cruel criminal. It was a merciful Providence that did not allow you to have children, for they would have started life under a terrible handicap. But your sins, apparently a matter of no concern to you, have fallen on the shoulders of your excellent family. You richly deserve the heaviest penalty the law in your case will allow, and to my mind the punishment does not fit your crime, either in themselves or in the pain they have indirectly forced upon those for whose sake, at least, you should have remained respectable."

Although only one indictment was returned against Mrs. Flynn, the police said that she has committed more than fifty burglaries and thefts. She was convicted of stealing two diamond rings from Mrs. Mary Breen of No. 6806 Sixth Avenue, Brooklyn. She was arrested by means of her photograph obtained by the police when she was sent to the Bedford Reformatory in 1907.

Be soothed by this fragrance from the East.

White Rose

The all-Ceylon Tea

PANTOMIME

Copyright, 1922, American Edition